



SONGS OF  
SNOOPY



BY  
W. S. Gilbert

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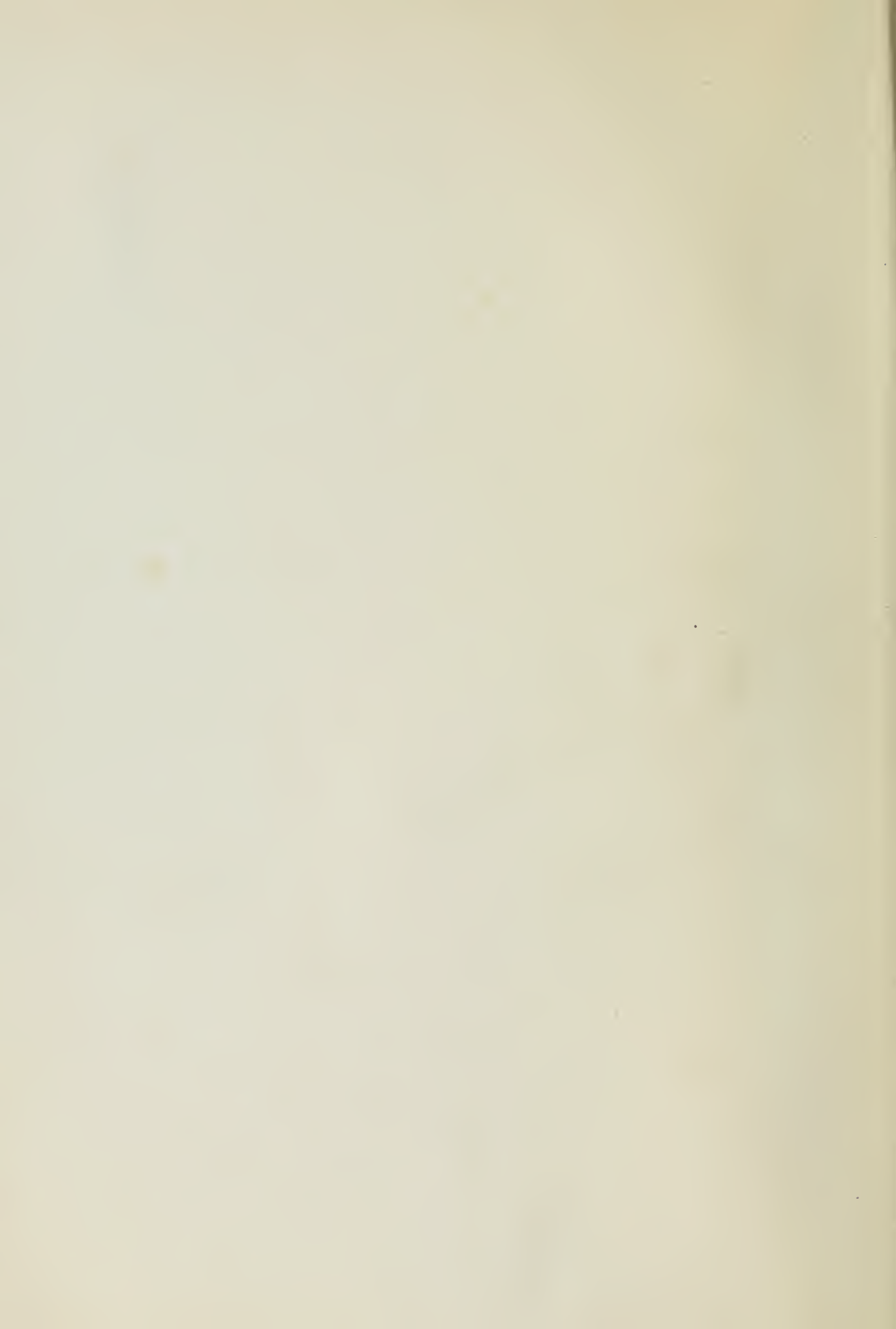
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SONGS OF A SAVOYARD







"I'LL NEVER THROW DUST IN A JURYMAN'S EYES,"  
SAID I TO MYSELF—SAID I.

—*Iolanthe.*

*Front.*



# SONGS OF A SAVOYARD

BY

W. S. GILBERT.

*ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.*



“Sleep on, ye pale civilians,  
All thunder-clouds defy,  
On Europe’s countless millions  
The Sentry keeps his eye.”  
— *Iolanthe*

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TO  
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN,  
IN JUST ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE DISTINCTION HIS GENIUS HAS  
CONFERRED UPON THESE SONGS DURING THE FOURTEEN  
YEARS THAT WE HAVE WORKED TOGETHER.

W. S. GILBERT.

*3rd Sept., 1890.*



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\* Omitted in representation.

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\* Omitted in representation.





## SONGS OF A SAVOYARD.



### THE DARNED MOUNSEER.

I SHIPPED, d'ye see, in a Revenue sloop,  
And, off Cape Finistere,  
A merchantman we see,  
A Frenchman, going free,  
So we made for the bold Mounseer.  
D'ye see?  
We made for the bold Mounseer !  
But she proved to be a Frigate—and she up with her ports,  
And fires with a thirty-two !  
It come uncommon near,  
But we answered with a cheer,  
Which paralysed the Parley-voo,  
D'ye see?  
Which paralysed the Parley-voo !

Then our Captain he up and he says, says he,  
 "That chap we need not fear,—  
     We can take her, if we like,  
     She is sartin for to strike,  
 For she's only a darned Mounseer,  
     D'ye see?  
 She's only a darned Mounseer!  
 But to fight a French fal-lal—it's like hittin' of a gal—  
 It's a lubberly thing for to do;  
     For we, with all our faults,  
     Why, we're sturdy British salts,  
 While she's but a Parley-voo,  
     D'ye see?  
 A miserable Parley-voo!"

So we up with our helm, and we scuds before the breeze,  
 As we gives a compassionating cheer;  
     Froggee answers with a shout  
     As he sees us go about,  
 Which was grateful of the poor Mounseer,  
     D'ye see?  
 Which was grateful of the poor Mounseer!  
 And I'll wager in their joy they kissed each other's cheek  
 (Which is what them furriners do),  
     And they blessed their lucky stars  
     We were hardy British tars  
 Who had pity on a poor Parley-voo,  
     D'ye see?  
 Who had pity on a poor Parley-voo!



## THE ENGLISHMAN.

**H**E is an Englishman !  
For he himself has said it,  
And it's greatly to his credit,  
That he is an Englishman !  
For he might have been a Roosian,  
A French, or Turk or Proosian,  
Or perhaps Itali-an !  
But in spite of all temptations,  
To belong to other nations,  
He remains an Englishman !  
Hurrah !  
For the true born Englishman' !



## THE DISAGREEABLE MAN.

**I**F you give me your attention, I will tell you what I am :  
I'm a genuine philanthropist—all other kinds are sham.  
Each little fault of temper and each social defect  
In my erring fellow creatures, I endeavour to correct.  
To all their little weaknesses I open people's eyes  
And little plans to snub the self sufficient I devise ;  
I love my fellow creatures—I do all the good I can—  
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man !  
And I can't think why !

To compliments inflated I've a withering reply.  
And vanity I always do my best to mortify ;  
A charitable action I can skilfully dissect ;  
And interested motives I'm delighted to detect.  
I know everybody's income and what everybody earns,  
And I carefully compare it with the income tax returns ;  
But to benefit humanity, however much I plan,  
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man !  
And I can't think why !

I'm sure I'm no ascetic : I'm as pleasant as can be ;  
You'll always find me ready with a crushing repartee ;  
I've an irritating chuckle, I've a celebrated sneer,  
I've an entertaining snigger, I've a fascinating leer ;  
To everybody's prejudice I know a thing or two ;  
I can tell a woman's age in half a minute—and I do—  
But although I try to make myself as pleasant as I can,  
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man !  
And I can't think why !





## THE COMING BYE AND BYE.

**S**AD is that woman's lot who, year by year,  
Sees, one by one, her beauties disappear ;  
As Time, grown weary of her heart-drawn sighs,  
Impatiently begins to "dim her eyes" !—  
Herself compelled, in life's uncertain gloamings,  
To wreath her wrinkled brow with well saved "combings" —  
Reduced, with rouge, lipsalve, and pearly grey,  
To "make up" for lost time, as best she may !

Silvered is the raven hair,  
Spreading is the parting straight,  
Mottled the complexion fair,  
Halting is the youthful gait.  
Hollow is the laughter free,  
Spectacled the limpid eye,  
Little will be left of me,  
In the coming bye and bye !

Fading is the taper waist—  
Shapeless grows the shapely limb,  
And although securely laced,  
Spreading is the figure trim !  
Stouter than I used to be,  
Still more corpulent grow I—  
There will be too much of me  
In the coming bye and bye !





## THE HIGHLY RESPECTABLE GONDOLIER.

I STOLE the Prince, and I brought him here,  
And left him, gaily prattling  
With a highly respectable Gondolier,  
Who promised the Royal babe to rear,  
And teach him the trade of a timoneer  
With his own beloved bratling.

Both of the babes were strong and stout,  
And, considering all things, clever.  
Of that there is no manner of doubt—  
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—  
No possible doubt whatever.

Time sped, and when at the end of a year  
I sought that infant cherished,  
That highly respectable Gondolier



Was lying a corpse on his humble bier—  
 I dropped a Grand Inquisitor's tear—  
 That Gondolier had perished.

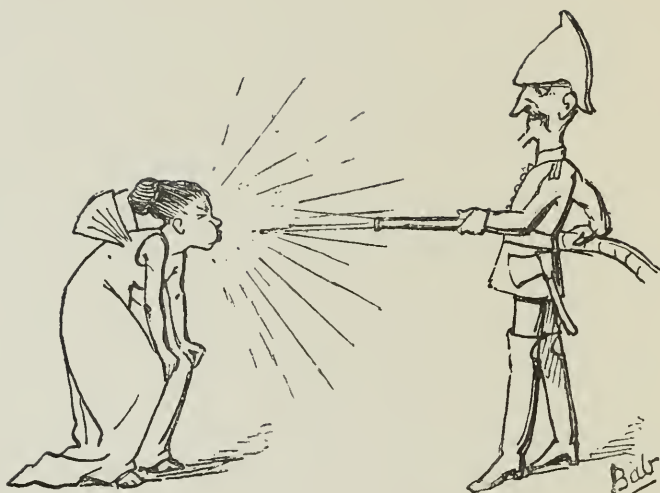
A taste for drink, combined with gout,  
 Had doubled him up for ever.  
 Of *that* there is no manner of doubt—  
 No probable, possible shadow of doubt—  
 No possible doubt whatever.

But owing, I'm much disposed to fear,  
 To his terrible taste for tippling,  
 That highly respectable Gondolier  
 Could never declare with a mind sincere  
 Which of the two was his offspring dear,  
 And which the Royal stripling !

Which was which he could never make out,  
 Despite his best endeavour.  
 Of *that* there is no manner of doubt—  
 No probable, possible shadow of doubt—  
 No possible doubt whatever.

The children followed his old career—  
 (This statement can't be parried)  
 Of a highly respectable Gondolier :  
 Well, one of the two (who will soon be here)—  
 But *which* of the two is not quite clear—  
 Is the Royal Prince you married !

Search in and out and round about  
 And you'll discover never  
 A tale so free from every doubt—  
 All probable, possible shadow of doubt—  
 All possible doubt whatever !



## THE FAIRY QUEEN'S SONG.

O H, foolish fay,  
Think you because  
Man's brave array  
My bosom thaws  
I'd disobey  
Our fairy laws?  
Because I fly  
In realms above,  
In tendency  
To fall in love  
Resemble I  
The amorous dove?

Oh, amorous dove!  
Type of Ovidius Naso!  
This heart of mine  
Is soft as thine,  
Although I dare not say so!

On fire that glows  
With heat intense  
I turn the hose  
Of Common Sense,  
And out it goes  
At small expense !  
We must maintain  
Our fairy law ;  
That is the main  
On which to draw—  
In that we gain  
A Captain Shaw .

Oh, Captain Shaw !  
Type of true love kept under !  
Could thy Brigade  
With cold cascade  
Quench my great love, I wonder !



## IS LIFE A BOON ?

**I**S life a boon ?  
If so, it must befall  
That Death, whene'er he call,  
Must call too soon.  
Though fourscore years he give,  
Yet one would pray to live  
Another moon !  
What kind of plaint have I,  
Who perish in July ?  
I might have had to die,  
Perchance, in June !

Is life a thorn ?  
Then count it not a whit !  
Man is well done with it ;  
Soon as he's born  
He should all means essay  
To put the plague away ;  
And I, war-worn,  
Poor captured fugitive,  
My life most gladly give—  
I might have had to live  
Another morn !



## THE MODERN MAJOR-GENERAL.

I AM the very pattern of a modern Major-General,  
I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral ;  
I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical,  
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical ;  
I'm very well acquainted too with matters mathematical,  
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,  
About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news,  
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.  
I'm very good at integral and differential calculus,  
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous,  
In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral,  
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

---

I know our mythic history—KING ARTHUR'S and SIR CARADOC'S,  
 I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox,  
 I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of HELIOGABALUS,  
 In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous.  
 I can tell undoubted RAPHAELS from GERARD DOWS and ZOFFANIES,  
 I know the croaking chorus from the "Frogs" of ARISTOPHANES,  
 Then I can hum a fugue, of which I've heard the music's din afore,  
 And whistle all the airs from that confounded nonsense "Pinafore."  
 Then I can write a washing bill in Babylonian cuneiform,  
 And tell you every detail of CARACTACUS'S uniform.  
 In short in matters vegetable, animal and mineral,  
 I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

In fact when I know what is meant by "mamelon" and "ravelin,"  
 When I can tell at sight a Chassepôt rifle from a javelin,  
 When such affairs as *sorties* and surprises I'm more wary at,  
 And when I know precisely what is meant by Commissariat,  
 When I have learnt what progress has been made in modern gunnery,  
 When I know more of tactics than a novice in a nunnery,  
 In short when I've a smattering of elementary strategy,  
 You'll say a better Major-General has never *sat* a gee—  
 For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventury,  
 Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century,  
 But still in learning vegetable, animal and mineral,  
 I am the very model of a modern Major-General!



## THE HEAVY DRAGOON.

**I**F you want a receipt for that popular mystery,  
 Known to the world as a Heavy Dragoon,  
 Take all the remarkable people in history,  
     Rattle them off to a popular tune!  
 The pluck of LORD NELSON on board of the *Victory*—  
     Genius of BISMARCK devising a plan;  
 The humour of FIELDING (which sounds contradictory)—  
     Coolness of PAGET about to trepan—  
 The grace of MOZART, that unparalleled musico—  
     Wit of MACAULAY, who wrote of QUEEN ANNE—  
 The pathos of PADDY, as rendered by BOUCICAULT—  
     Style of the BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN—  
 The dash of a D'ORSAY, divested of quackery—  
 Narrative powers of DICKENS and THACKERAY—

VICTOR EMMANUEL—peak-haunting PEVERIL—  
 THOMAS AQUINAS, and DOCTOR SACHEVERELL—  
 TUPPER and TENNYSON—DANIEL DEFOE—  
 ANTHONY TROLLOPE and MISTER GUIZOT !

Take of these elements all that are fusible,  
 Melt them all down in a pipkin or crucible,  
 Set them to simmer and take off the scum,  
 And a Heavy Dragoon is the residuum !

If you want a receipt for this soldierlike paragon,  
 Get at the wealth of the CZAR (if you can)—  
 The family pride of a Spaniard from Arragon—  
 Force of MEPHISTO pronouncing a ban—  
 A smack of LORD WATERFORD, reckless and rollicky—  
 Swagger of RODERICK, heading his clan—  
 The keen penetration of PADDINGTON POLLAKY—  
 Grace of an Odalisque on a divan—  
 The genius strategic of CÆSAR or HANNIBAL—  
 Skill of LORD WOLSELEY in thrashing a cannibal—  
 Flavour of HAMLET—the STRANGER, a touch of him—  
 Little of MANFRED (but not very much of him)—  
 Beadle of Burlington—RICHARDSON'S show—  
 MR. MICAWBER and MADAME TUSSAUD !

Take of these elements all that is fusible—  
 Melt 'em all down in a pipkin or crucible—  
 Set 'em to simmer and take off the scum,  
 And a Heavy Dragoon is the residuum !





## PROPER PRIDE.

**T**HE Sun, whose rays  
Are all ablaze  
With ever living glory,  
Does not deny  
His majesty—  
He scorns to tell a story !  
He don't exclaim  
“I blush for shame,  
So kindly be indulgent,”  
But, fierce and bold,  
In fiery gold,  
He glories all effulgent !

I mean to rule the earth,  
As he the sky—  
We really know our worth,  
The Sun and I !

Observe his flame,  
That placid dame,  
    The Moon's Celestial Highness ;  
There's not a trace  
Upon her face  
    Of diffidence or shyness :  
She borrows light  
That, through the night,  
    Mankind may all acclaim her !  
And, truth to tell,  
She lights up well,  
    So I, for one, don't blame her !

Ah, pray make no mistake,  
    We are not shy ;  
We're very wide awake,  
    The Moon and I !





## THE POLICEMAN'S LOT.

WHEN a felon's not engaged in his employment,  
Or maturing his felonious little plans,  
His capacity for innocent enjoyment  
Is just as great as any honest man's.  
Our feelings we with difficulty smother  
When constabulary duty's to be done :  
Ah, take one consideration with another,  
A policeman's lot is not a happy one !

When the enterprising burglar isn't burgling,  
When the cut-throat isn't occupied in crime,  
He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling,  
And listen to the merry village chime.  
When the coster's finished jumping on his mother,  
He loves to lie a-basking in the sun :  
Ah, take one consideration with another,  
The policeman's lot is not a happy one !





## THE BAFFLED GRUMBLER.

WHENE'ER I poke  
Sarcastic joke  
Replete with malice spiteful,  
The people vile  
Politely smile  
And vote me quite delightful !  
Now, when a wight  
Sits up all night  
Ill-natured jokes devising,  
And all his wiles  
Are met with smiles,  
It's hard, there's no disguising !  
Oh, don't the days seem lank and long  
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong,  
And isn't you life extremely flat  
With nothing whatever to grumble at !

When German bands  
 From music stands  
 I'play Wagner imperfectly—  
 I bid them go—  
 They don't say no,  
 But off they trot directly !  
 The organ boys  
 They stop their noise  
 With readiness surprising,  
 And grinning herds  
 Of hurdy-gurds  
 Retire apologising !  
 Oh, don't the days seem lank and long  
 When all goes right and nothing goes wrong  
 And isn't your life extremely flat  
 With nothing whatever to grumble at !

I've offered gold,  
 In sums untold,  
 To all who'd contradict me—  
 I've said I'd pay  
 A pound a day  
 To any one who kicked me—  
 I've bribed with toys  
 Great vulgar boys  
 To utter something spiteful,  
 But, bless you, no !  
 They *will* be so  
 Confoundedly politeful !  
 In short, these aggravating lads  
 They tickle my tastes, they feed my fads,  
 They give me this and they give me that,  
 And I've nothing whatever to grumble at !



## THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

**W**HEN Britain really ruled the waves—  
(In good Queen Bess's time)  
The House of Peers made no pretence  
To intellectual eminence,  
Or scholarship sublime ;  
Yet Britain won her proudest bays  
In good Queen Bess's glorious days !

When Wellington thrashed Bonaparte,  
As every child can tell,  
The House of Peers, throughout the war,  
Did nothing in particular,  
And did it very well ;  
Yet Britain set the world a-blaze  
In good King George's glorious days !

And while the House of Peers withholds  
Its legislative hand,  
And noble statesmen do not itch  
To interfere with matters which  
They do not understand,  
As bright will shine Great Britain's rays,  
As in King George's glorious days !





## A MERRY MADRIGAL.

**B**RIGHTLY dawns our wedding day ;  
Joyous hour, we give thee greeting !  
Whither, whither art thou fleeting ?  
Fickle moment, prithee stay !  
What though mortal joys be hollow ?  
Pleasures come, if sorrows follow :  
Though the tocsin sound, ere long,  
Ding dong ! Ding dong !  
Yet until the shadows fall  
Over one and over all,  
Sing a merry madrigal—  
Fal la !

Let us dry the ready tear ;  
Though the hours are surely creeping,  
Little need for woeful weeping,  
Till the sad sundown is near.  
All must sip the cup of sorrow—  
I to-day and thou to-morrow :  
This the close of every song—  
Ding dong ! Ding dong !  
What, though solemn shadows fall,  
Sooner, later, over all ?  
Sing a merry madrigal—  
Fal la !



## THE DUKE AND THE DUCHESS.

THE DUKE.

**S**MALL titles and orders  
For Mayors and Recorders  
I get—and they're highly delighted.  
M.P.s baroneted,  
Sham Colonels gazetted,  
And second-rate Aldermen knighted.  
Foundation-stone laying  
I find very paying.  
It adds a large sum to my makings.  
At charity dinners  
The best of speech-spinners,  
I get ten per cent. on the takings !

THE DUCHESS.

I present any lady  
Whose conduct is shady  
Or smacking of doubtful propriety ;  
When Virtue would quash her,  
I take and whitewash her  
And launch her in first-rate society.

I recommend acres  
 Of clumsy dressmakers—  
 Their fit and their finishing touches ;  
 A sum in addition  
 They pay for permission  
 To say that they make for the Duchess !

THE DUKE. Those pressing prevailers,  
 The ready-made tailors,  
 Quote me as their great double-barrel ;  
 I allow them to do so,  
 Though ROBINSON CRUSOE  
 Would jib at their wearing apparel !  
 I sit, by selection,  
 Upon the direction  
 Of several Companies bubble ;  
 As soon as they're floated  
 I'm freely bank-noted—  
 I'm pretty well paid for my trouble !

THE DUCHESS. At middle-class party  
 I play at *écarté*—  
 And I'm by no means a beginner ;  
 To one of my station  
 The remuneration—  
 Five guineas a night and my dinner.  
 I write letters blatant  
 On medicines patent—  
 And use any other you mustn't ;  
 And vow my complexion  
 Derives its perfection  
 From somebody's soap—which it doesn't.

THE DUKE.      We're ready as witness  
                      To any one's fitness  
                      To fill any place or preferment ;  
                      We're often in waiting  
                      At junket or *fétting*,  
                      And sometimes attend an interment.

BOTH.            In short, if you'd kindle  
                      The spark of a swindle,  
                      Lure simpletons into your clutches,  
                      Or hoodwink a debtor,  
                      You cannot do better  
                      Than trot out a Duke or a Duchess !





## EHEU FUGACES—!

THE air is charged with amatory numbers—  
Soft madrigals, and dreamy lovers' lays.  
Peace, peace, old heart ! Why waken from its slumbers  
The aching memory of the old, old days ?

Time was when Love and I were well acquainted.  
Time was when we walked ever hand in hand ;  
A saintly youth, with worldly thought untainted,  
None better-loved than I in all the land !  
Time was, when maidens of the noblest station,  
Forsaking even military men,  
Would gaze upon me, rapt in adoration—  
Ah me, I was a fair young curate then !

Had I a headache? sighed the maids assembled;  
Had I a cold? welled forth the silent tear;  
Did I look pale? then half a parish trembled;  
And when I coughed all thought the end was near!  
I had no care—no jealous doubts hung o'er me—  
For I was loved beyond all other men.  
Fled gilded dukes and belted earls before me—  
Ah me, I was a pale young curate then!





## THEY'LL NONE OF 'EM BE MISSED.

**A**S some day it may happen that a victim must be found,  
I've got a little list—I've got a little list  
Of social offenders who might well be underground,  
And who never would be missed—who never would be missed !  
There's the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs—  
All people who have flabby hands and irritating laughs—  
All children who are up in dates, and floor you with 'em flat—  
All persons who in shaking hands, shake hands with you like *that*—  
And all third persons who on spoiling *tête-à-têtes* insist—  
They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed !

There's the nigger serenader, and the others of his race,  
And the piano organist—I've got him on the list !  
And the people who eat peppermint and puff it in your face,  
They never would be missed—they never would be missed !

Then the idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,  
 All centuries but this, and every country but his own ;  
 And the lady from the provinces, who dresses like a guy,  
 And who doesn't think she waltzes, but would rather like to try ;  
 And that singular anomaly, the lady novelist—

I don't think she'd be missed—I'm *sure* she'd not be missed !

And that *Nisi Prius* nuisance, who just now is rather rife,  
 The Judicial humorist—I've got *him* on the list !

All funny fellows, comic men, and clowns of private life—

They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed.

And apologetic statesmen of the compromising kind,

Such as—What-d'ye-call-him—Thing'em-Bob, and likewise—Never-mind,

And 'St—'st—'st—and What's-his-name, and also—You-know-who—

(The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to *you* !)

But it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list,

For they'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed !







## GIRL GRADUATES.

THEY intend to send a wire  
To the moon ;  
And they'll set the Thames on fire  
Very soon ;  
Then they learn to make silk purses  
With their rigs  
From the ears of LADY CIRCE'S  
Piggy-wigs.  
And weazels at their slumbers  
They'll trepan ;  
To get sunbeams from cucumbers  
They've a plan.  
They've a firmly rooted notion  
They can cross the Polar Ocean,  
And they'll find Perpetual Motion  
If they can !

These are the phenomena  
That every pretty domina  
Hopes that we shall see  
At this Universitee !

As for fashion, they forswear it,  
So they say,  
And the circle—they will square it  
Some fine day ;  
Then the little pigs they're teaching  
For to fly ;  
And the niggers they'll be bleaching  
Bye and bye !  
Each newly joined aspirant  
To the clan  
Must repudiate the tyrant  
Known as Man ;  
They mock at him and flout him,  
For they do not care about him,  
And they're "going to do without him"  
If they can !

These are the phenomena  
That every pretty domina  
Hopes that we shall see  
At this Universitee !



## BRAID THE RAVEN HAIR.

**B**RAID the raven hair,  
Weave the supple tress,  
Deck the maiden fair  
In her loveliness ;  
Paint the pretty face,  
Dye the coral lip,  
Emphasize the grace  
Of her ladyship !  
Art and nature, thus allied,  
Go to make a pretty bride !

Sit with downcast eye,  
Let it brim with dew ;  
Try if you can cry,  
We will do so, too.  
When you're summoned, start,  
Like a frightened roe ;  
Flutter, little heart,  
Colour, come and go !  
Modesty at marriage tide  
Well becomes a pretty bride !



## THE WORKING MONARCH.

**R**ISING early in the morning,  
We proceed to light our fire,  
Then our Majesty adorning  
In its work-a-day attire,  
We embark without delay  
On the duties of the day.

First, we polish off some batches  
Of political despatches,  
And foreign politicians circumvent ;  
Then, if business isn't heavy,  
We may hold a Royal *levée*,  
Or ratify some Acts of Parliament :  
Then we probably review the household troops—  
With the usual "Shaloo humps !" and "Shaloo hoops !"

Or receive with ceremonial and state  
 An interesting Eastern Potentate.  
     After that we generally  
     Go and dress our private *valet*—  
 (It's a rather nervous duty—he a touchy little man)—  
     Write some letters literary  
     For our private secretary—  
 He is shaky in his spelling, so we help him if we can.  
     Then, in view of cravings inner,  
     We go down and order dinner ;  
 Or we polish the Regalia and the Coronation Plate—  
     Spend an hour in titivating  
     All our Gentlemen-in-Waiting ;  
 Or we run on little errands for the Ministers of State.  
     Oh, philosophers may sing  
     Of the troubles of a King ;  
 Yet the duties are delightful, and the privileges great ;  
     But the privilege and pleasure  
     That we treasure beyond measure  
 Is to run on little errands for the Ministers of State !

After luncheon (making merry  
 On a bun and glass of sherry),  
     If we've nothing in particular to do,  
 We may make a Proclamation,  
 Or receive a Deputation—  
     Then we possibly create a Peer or two.  
 Then we help a fellow creature on his path  
 With the Garter or the Thistle or the Bath :  
 Or we dress and toddle off in semi-State  
 To a festival, a function, or a *fête*.  
     Then we go and stand as sentry  
     At the Palace (private entry),

Marching hither, marching thither, up and down and to and fro,  
While the warrior on duty  
Goes in search of beer and beauty  
(And it generally happens that he hasn't far to go).  
He relieves us, if he's able,  
Just in time to lay the table,  
Then we dine and serve the coffee ; and at half-past twelve or one,  
With a pleasure that's emphatic,  
We retire to our attic  
With the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done.  
Oh, philosophers may sing  
Of the troubles of a King,  
But of pleasures there are many and of troubles there are none ;  
And the culminating pleasure  
That we treasure beyond measure  
Is the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done !





## THE APE AND THE LADY.

A LADY fair, of lineage high,  
Was loved by an Ape, in the days gone by—  
The Maid was radiant as the sun,  
The Ape was a most unsightly one—  
So it would not do—  
His scheme fell through ;  
For the Maid, when his love took formal shape,  
Expressed such terror  
At his monstrous error,  
That he stammered an apology and made his 'scape,  
The picture of a disconcerted Ape.

With a view to rise in the social scale,  
He shaved his bristles, and he docked his tail,  
He grew moustachios, and he took his tub,  
And he paid a guinea to a toilet club.

    But it would not do,  
    The scheme fell through—  
For the Maid was Beauty's fairest Queen  
    With golden tresses,  
    Like a real princess's,  
While the Ape, despite his razor keen,  
Was the apiest Ape that ever was seen !

He bought white ties, and he bought dress suits,  
He crammed his feet into bright tight boots,  
And to start his life on a brand-new plan,  
He christened himself Darwinian Man !

    But it would not do,  
    The scheme fell through—  
For the Maiden fair, whom the monkey craved,  
    Was a radiant Being,  
    With a brain far-seeing—  
While a Man, however well-behaved,  
At best is only a monkey shaved !



## ONLY ROSES!

**T**O a garden full of posies  
Cometh one to gather flowers,  
And he wanders through its bowers  
Toying with the wanton roses,  
Who, uprising from their beds,  
Hold on high their shameless heads  
With their pretty lips a-pouting,  
Never doubting—never doubting  
That for Cytherean posies  
He would gather aught but roses!

In a nest of weeds and nettles,  
Lay a violet, half hidden,  
Hoping that his glance unbidden  
Yet might fall upon her petals.  
Though she lived alone, apart,  
Hope lay nestling at her heart,  
But, alas! the cruel awaking  
Set her little heart a-breaking,  
For he gathered for his posies  
Only roses—only roses!



## THE ROVER'S APOLOGY.

O H, gentlemen, listen, I pray ;  
Though I own that my heart has been ranging,  
Of nature the laws I obey,  
For nature is constantly changing.  
The moon in her phases is found,  
The time and the wind and the weather,  
The months in succession come round,  
And you don't find two Mondays together.  
Consider the moral, I pray,  
Nor bring a young fellow to sorrow,  
Who loves this young lady to-day,  
And loves that young lady to morrow.

You cannot eat breakfast all day.  
Nor is it the act of a sinner,  
When breakfast is taken away,  
To turn your attention to dinner ;  
And it's not in the range of belief,  
That you could hold him as a glutton,  
Who, when he is tired of beef,  
Determines to tackle the mutton.  
But this I am ready to say,  
If it will diminish their sorrow,  
I'll marry this lady to-day,  
And I'll marry that lady to-morrow !



*Bab*



## A N A P P E A L .

**O**H ! is there not one maiden breast  
Which does not feel the moral beauty  
Of making worldly interest  
Subordinate to sense of duty ?  
Who would not give up willingly  
All matrimonial ambition,  
To rescue such a one as I  
From his unfortunate position ?

Oh, is there not one maiden here,  
Whose homely face and bad complexion  
Have caused all hopes to disappear  
Of ever winning man's affection ?  
To such a one, if such there be,  
I swear by Heaven's arch above you,  
If you will cast your eyes on me,—  
However plain you be—I'll love you !



## THE REWARD OF MERIT.

**D**R. BELVILLE was regarded as the CRICHTON of his age :  
His tragedies were reckoned much too thoughtful for the stage ;  
His poems held a noble rank, although it's very true  
That, being very proper, they were read by very few.  
He was a famous Painter, too, and shone upon the "line,"  
And even MR. RUSKIN came and worshipped at his shrine ;  
But, alas, the school he followed was heroically high—  
The kind of Art men rave about, but very seldom buy—  
And everybody said  
" How can he be repaid—  
This very great—this very good—this very gifted man ?"  
But nobody could hit upon a practicable plan !

He was a great Inventor, and discovered, all alone,  
 A plan for making everybody's fortune but his own ;  
 For, in business, an Inventor's little better than a fool,  
 And my highly gifted friend was no exception to the rule.  
 His poems—people read them in the Quarterly Reviews—  
 His pictures—they engraved them in the *Illustrated News*—  
 His inventions—they, perhaps, might have enriched him by degrees,  
 But all his little income went in Patent Office fees ;

And everybody said

“ How can he be repaid—

This very great—this very good—this very gifted man ? ”

But nobody could hit upon a practicable plan !

At last the point was given up in absolute despair,  
 When a distant cousin died, and he became a millionaire,  
 With a county seat in Parliament, a moor or two of grouse,  
 And a taste for making inconvenient speeches in the House !  
*Then* it flashed upon Britannia that the fittest of rewards  
 Was, to take him from the Commons and to put him in the Lords !  
 And who so fit to sit in it, deny it if you can,  
 As this very great—this very good—this very gifted man ?

(Though I'm more than half afraid

That it sometimes may be said

That we never should have revelled in that source of proper pride,  
 However great his merits—if his cousin hadn't died ! )



## THE MAGNET AND THE CHURN.

A MAGNET hung in a hardware shop,  
And all around was a loving crop  
Of scissors and needles, nails and knives,  
Offering love for all their lives ;  
But for iron the magnet felt no whim,  
Though he charmed iron, it charmed not him,  
From needles and nails and knives he'd turn,  
For he'd set his love on a Silver Churn !

His most æsthetic,  
Very magnetic  
Fancy took this turn—  
“ If I can wheedle  
A knife or needle,  
Why not a Silver Churn ? ”

And Iron and Steel expressed surprise,  
The needles opened their well drilled eyes,  
The pen-knives felt "shut up," no doubt,  
The scissors declared themselves "cut out,"  
The kettles they boiled with rage, 'tis said,  
While every nail went off its head,  
And hither and thither began to roam,  
Till a hammer came up—and drove it home,  
    While this magnetic  
    Peripatetic  
    Lover he lived to learn,  
    By no endeavour,  
    Can Magnet ever  
    Attract a Silver Churn !







## THE FAMILY FOOL.

**O**H! a private buffoon is a light-hearted loon,  
If you listen to popular rumour ;  
From morning to night he's so joyous and bright,  
And he bubbles with wit and good humour !  
He's so quaint and so terse, both in prose and in verse ;  
Yet though people forgive his transgression,  
There are one or two rules that all Family Fools  
Must observe, if they love their profession.

There are one or two rules  
Half a dozen, maybe  
That all family fools,  
Of whatever degree,  
Must observe, if they love their profession.

If you wish to succeed as a jester, you'll need  
     To consider each person's auricular :  
 What is all right for B would quite scandalize C  
     (For C is so very particular);  
 And D may be dull, and E's very thick skull  
     Is as empty of brains as a ladle ;  
 While F is F sharp, and will cry with a carp,  
     That he's known your best joke from his cradle !  
         When your humour they flout,  
         You can't let yourself go ;  
         And it *does* put you out  
         When a person says, " Oh !  
         I have known that old joke from my cradle ! "

If your master is surly, from getting up early  
     (And tempers are short in the morning),  
 An inopportune joke is enough to provoke  
     Him to give you, at once, a month's warning.  
 Then if you refrain, he is at you again,  
     For he likes to get value for money.  
 He'll ask then and there, with an insolent stare,  
     " If you know that you're paid to be funny ? "  
         It adds to the task  
         Of a merryman's place,  
         When your principal asks,  
         With a scowl on his face,  
         If you know that you're paid to be funny ?

Comes a Bishop, maybe, or a solemn D.D.—  
     Oh, beware of his anger provoking !  
 Better not pull his hair—don't stick pins in his chair ;  
     He don't understand practical joking.

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If the jests that you crack have an orthodox smack,  
You may get a bland smile from these sages ;  
But should it, by chance, be imported from France,  
Half-a-crown is stopped out of your wages !  
    It's a general rule,  
    Though your zeal it may quench,  
If the Family Fool  
    Makes a joke that's *too* French,  
Half-a-crown is stopped out of his wages !

Though your head it may rack with a bilious attack,  
And your senses with toothache you're losing,  
Don't be mopy and flat—they don't fine you for that,  
If you're properly quaint and amusing !  
Though your wife ran away with a soldier that day,  
And took with her your trifle of money ;  
Bless you heart, they don't mind—they're exceedingly kind—  
They don't blame you—as long as you're funny !  
    It's a comfort to feel  
    If your partner should flit,  
    Though *you* suffer a deal,  
    *They* don't mind it a bit—  
They don't blame you—so long as you're funny !



## SANS SOUCI.

I CANNOT tell what this love may be  
That cometh to all but not to me.  
It cannot be kind as they'd imply,  
Or why do these gentle ladies sigh?  
It cannot be joy and rapture deep,  
Or why do these gentle ladies weep?  
It cannot be blissful, as 'tis said,  
Or why are their eyes so wondrous red?

If love is a thorn, they show no wit  
Who foolishly hug and foster it.  
If love is a weed, how simple they  
Who gather and gather it, day by day!

If love is a nettle that makes you smart,  
Why do you wear it next your heart?  
And if it be neither of these, say I,  
Why do you sit and sob and sigh?



## A R E C I P E .

TAKE a pair of sparkling eyes,  
Hidden, ever and anon,  
In a merciful eclipse—  
Do not heed their mild surprise—  
Having passed the Rubicon.  
Take a pair of rosy lips ;  
Take a figure trimly planned—  
Such as admiration whets  
(Be particular in this) ;  
Take a tender little hand,  
Fringed with dainty fingerettes,  
Press it—in parenthesis ;—  
Take all these, you lucky man—  
Take and keep them, if you can

Take a pretty little cot—  
Quite a miniature affair—  
Hung about with trellised vine,  
Furnish it upon the spot  
With the treasures rich and rare  
I've endeavoured to define.  
Live to love and love to live—  
You will ripen at your ease,  
Growing on the sunny side—  
Fate has nothing more to give.  
You're a dainty man to please  
If you are not satisfied.  
Take my counsel, happy man :  
Act upon it, if you can !



## THE MERRYMAN AND HIS MAID.

HE.

I HAVE a song to sing, O!

SHE.

Sing me your song, O!

HE.

It is sung to the moon

By a love-learn loon,

Who fled from the mocking throng, O!

It's the song of a merryman, moping mum,

Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was glum,

Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,

As he sighed for the love of a ladye.

Heighdy! heighdy!

Misery me—lackadaydee!

He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb,

As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

SHE. I have a song to sing, O !  
 HE. Sing me your song, O !  
 SHE. It is sung with the ring  
 Of the song maids sing  
 Who love with a love life-long, O !  
 It's the song of a merrymaid, peerly proud,  
 Who loved a lord, and who laughed aloud  
 At the moan of the merryman, moping mum,  
 Whose soul was sore, whose glance was glum,  
 Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,  
 As he sighed for the love of a ladye !  
 Heighdy ! heighdy !  
 Misery me—lackadaydee !  
 He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb,  
 As he sighed for the love of a ladye.

HE. I have a song to sing, O !  
 SHE. Sing me your song, O !  
 HE. It is sung to the knell  
 Of a churchyard bell,  
 And a doleful dirge, ding dong, O !  
 It's a song of a popinjay, bravely born,  
 Who turned up his noble nose with scorn  
 At the humble merrymaid, peerly proud,  
 Who loved that lord, and who laughed aloud  
 At the moan of the merryman, moping mum,  
 Whose soul was sad, whose glance was glum,  
 Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,  
 As he sighed for the love of a ladye !  
 Heighdy ! heighdy !  
 Misery me—lackadaydee !  
 He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb,  
 As he sighed for the love of a ladye !



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SHE. I have a song to sing, O !  
HE. Sing me your song, O !  
SHE. It is sung with a sigh  
And a tear in the eye,  
For it tells of a righted wrong, O !  
It's a song of a merrymaid, once so gay,  
Who turned on her heel and tripped away  
From the peacock popinjay, bravely born,  
Who turned up his noble nose with scorn  
At the humble heart that he did not prize ;  
And it tells how she begged, with downcast eyes,  
For the love of the merryman, moping mum,  
Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum,  
Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,  
As he sighed for the love of a ladye !  
BOTH. Heighdy ! heighdy !  
Misery me—lackadaydee !  
His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more,  
For he lived in the love of a ladye !



## THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S SONG.

**T**HE Law is the true embodiment  
Of everything that's excellent.  
It has no kind of fault or flaw,  
And I, my lords, embody the Law.  
The constitutional guardian I  
Of pretty young Wards in Chancery,  
All very agreeable girls—and none  
Are over the age of twenty-one.  
A pleasant occupation for  
A rather susceptible Chancellor !

But though the compliment implied  
Inflates me with legitimate pride,  
It nevertheless can't be denied  
That it has its inconvenient side.

For I'm not so old, and not so plain,  
And I'm quite prepared to marry again,  
But there'd be the deuce to pay in the Lords  
If I fell in love with one of my Wards :  
Which rather tries my temper, for  
I'm *such* a susceptible Chancellor !

And everyone who'd marry a Ward  
Must come to me for my accord :  
So in my court I sit all day,  
Giving agreeable girls away,  
With one for him—and one for he—  
And one for you—and one for ye—  
And one for thou—and one for thee—  
But never, oh never a one for me !  
Which is exasperating, for  
A highly susceptible Chancellor !





## WHEN A MERRY MAIDEN MARRIES.

**W**HEN a merry maiden marries,  
Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries ;  
Every sound becomes a song,  
All is right and nothing's wrong !  
From to-day and ever after  
Let your tears be tears of laughter—  
Every sigh that finds a vent  
Be a sigh of sweet content !  
When you marry merry maiden,  
'Then the air with love is laden ;  
Every flower is a rose,  
Every goose becomes a swan,  
Every kind of trouble goes  
Where the last year's snows have gone !  
Sunlight takes the place of shade  
When you marry merry maid !

When a merry maiden marries  
Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries ;  
    Every sound becomes a song,  
    All is right, and nothing's wrong.  
Gnawing Care and aching Sorrow,  
Get ye gone until to-morrow ;  
    Jealousies in grim array,  
    Ye are things of yesterday !  
When you marry merry maiden,  
Then the air with joy is laden ;  
    All the corners of the earth  
    Ring with music sweetly played,  
Worry is melodious mirth,  
    Grief is joy in masquerade ;  
Sullen night is laughing day—  
All the year is merry May !



## THE BRITISH TAR.

**A** BRITISH tar is a soaring soul,  
As free as a mountain bird,  
His energetic fist should be ready to resist  
A dictatorial word.

His nose should pant and his lip should curl,  
His cheeks should flame and his brow should furl,  
His bosom should heave and his heart should glow,  
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,  
His brow with scorn be rung ;  
He never should bow down to a domineering frown,  
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.

His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,  
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl ;  
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,  
And this should be his customary attitude !





## A MAN WHO WOULD WOO A FAIR MAID.

**A** MAN who would woo a fair maid,  
Should 'prentice himself to the trade ;  
And study all day,  
In methodical way,  
How to flatter, cajole and persuade.  
He should 'prentice himself at fourteen,  
And practise from morning to e'en ;  
And when he's of age,  
If he will, I'll engage,  
He may capture the heart of a queen !  
It is purely a matter of skill,  
Which all may attain if they will :  
But every Jack  
He must study the knack  
If he wants to make sure of his Jill !

If he's made the best use of his time,  
His twig he'll so carefully lime  
    That every bird  
    Will come down at his word,  
Whatever its plumage and clime.  
He must learn that the thrill of a touch  
May mean little, or nothing, or much ;  
    It's an instrument rare,  
    To be handled with care,  
And ought to be treated as such.  
    It is purely a matter of skill,  
    Which all may attain if they will :  
    But every Jack,  
    He must study the knack  
    If he wants to make sure of his Jill !

Then a glance may be timid or free ;  
It will vary in mighty degree,  
    From an impudent stare  
    To a look of despair  
That no maid without pity can see.  
And a glance of despair is no guide—  
It may have its ridiculous side ;  
    It may draw you a tear  
    Or a box on the ear ;  
You can never be sure till you've tried  
    It is purely a matter of skill,  
    Which all may attain if they will :  
    But every Jack  
    He must study the knack  
    If he wants to make sure of his Jill !





## THE SORCERER'S SONG.

**O**H! my name is JOHN WELLINGTON WELLS—  
I'm a dealer in magic and spells,  
In blessings and curses,  
And ever filled purses,  
In prophecies, witches and knells !  
If you want a proud foe to "make tracks"—  
If you'd melt a rich uncle in wax—  
You've but to look in  
On our resident Djinn,  
Number seventy, Simmery Axe

We've a first class assortment of magic ;  
And for raising a posthumous shade  
With effects that are comic or tragic,  
There's no cheaper house in the trade

Love-philtre—we've quantities of it ;  
And for knowledge if any one burns,  
We keep an extremely small prophet, a prophet  
Who brings us unbounded returns :

For he can prophesy  
With a wink *of* his eye,  
Peep with security  
Into futurity,  
Sum up your history,  
Clear up a mystery,  
Humour proclivity  
For a nativity.

With mirrors so magical,  
Tetrapods tragical,  
Bogies spectacular,  
Answers oracular,  
Facts astronomical,  
Solemn or comical,  
And, if you want it, he  
Makes a reduction on taking a quantity !

Oh !

If any one anything lacks,  
He'll find it all ready in stacks,  
If he'll only look in  
On the resident Djinn,  
Number seventy, Simmery Axe !

He can raise you hosts  
Of ghosts,  
And that without reflectors ;  
And creepy things  
With wings,

And gaunt and grisly spectres !  
He can fill you crowds  
Of shrouds,  
And horrify you vastly ;  
He can rack your brains  
With chains,  
And gibberings grim and ghastly .  
Then, if you plan it, he  
Changes organity,  
With an urbanity,  
Full of Satanity,  
Vexes humanity  
With an inanity  
Fatal to vanity—  
Driving your foes to the verge of insanity !  
Barring tautology,  
In demonology,  
'Lectro biology,  
Mystic nosology,  
Spirit philology,  
High class astrology,  
Such is his knowledge, he  
Isn't the man to require an apology !  
Oh !  
My name is JOHN WELLINGTON WELLS,  
I'm a dealer in magic and spells,  
In blessings and curses,  
And ever filled purses—  
In prophecies, witches and knells.  
If any one anything lacks,  
He'll find it all ready in stacks,  
If he'll only look in  
On the resident Djinn,  
Number seventy, Simmery Axe !



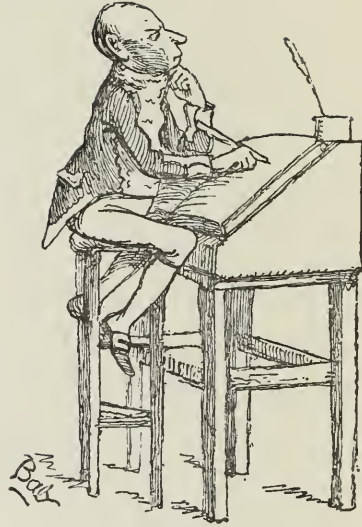
## THE FICKLE BREEZE.

**S**IGHING softly to the river  
Comes the loving breeze,  
Setting nature all a-quiver,  
Rustling through the trees !  
And the brook in rippling measure,  
Laughs for very love,  
While the poplars, in their pleasure,  
Wave their arms above !  
River, river, little river,  
May thy loving prosper ever.  
Heaven speed thee, poplar tree,  
May thy wooing happy be !

Yet, the breeze is but a rover,  
When he wings away,  
Brook and poplar mourn a lover !  
Sighing well-a-day !

Ah! the doing and undoing  
That the rogue could tell,  
When the breeze is out a-wooing,  
Who can woo so well?  
Pretty brook, thy dream is over,  
For thy love is but a rover!  
Sad the lot of poplar trees,  
Courtied by the fickle breeze!





## THE FIRST LORD'S SONG.

**W**HEN I was a lad I served a term  
As office boy to an Attorney's firm.  
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,  
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.  
I polished up that handle so successfuller  
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee !

As office boy I made such a mark  
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk.  
I served the writs with a smile so bland,  
And I copied all the letters in a big round hand  
I copied all the letters in a hand so free,  
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee

In serving writs I made such a name  
That an articled clerk I soon became ;  
I wore clean collars and a brand-new suit  
For the Pass Examination at the Institute.  
    And that Pass Examination did so well for me,  
    That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee !

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip  
That they took me into the partnership,  
And that junior partnership I ween  
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.  
    But that kind of ship so suited me,  
    That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee !

I grew so rich that I was sent  
By a pocket borough into Parliament.  
I always voted at my party's call,  
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.  
    I thought so little, they rewarded me,  
    By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee !

Now, landsmen all, whoever you may be,  
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,  
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,  
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule—  
    Stick close to your desks and *never go to sea*,  
    And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee !



## WOULD YOU KNOW?

**W**OULD you know the kind of maid  
Sets my heart a flame-a?  
Eyes must be downcast and staid,  
Cheeks must flush for shame-a!  
She may neither dance nor sing,  
But, demure in everything,  
Hang her head in modest way,  
With pouting lips that seem to say  
“Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me,  
Though I die of shame-a,”  
Please you, that’s the kind of maid  
Sets my heart a flame-a!



When a maid is bold and gay  
With a tongue goes clang-a,  
Flaunting it in brave array,  
Maiden may go hang-a!  
Sunflower gay and hollyhock  
Never shall my garden stock ;  
Mine the blushing rose of May,  
With pouting lips that seem to say,  
“Oh, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me,  
Though I die for shame-a !”  
Please you that's the kind of maid  
Sets my heart a flame-a !





## SPECULATION.

COMES a train of little ladies  
From scholastic trammels free,  
Each a little bit afraid is,  
Wondering what the world can be !

Is it but a world of trouble—  
Sadness set to song ?  
Is its beauty but a bubble  
Bound to break ere long ?

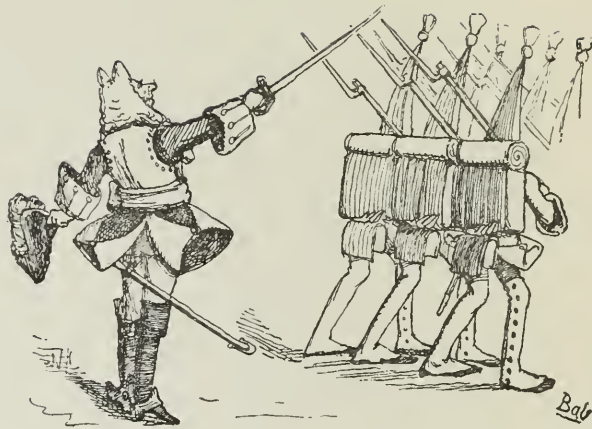
Are its palaces and pleasures  
Fantasies that fade ?  
And the glory of its treasures  
Shadow of a shade ?

Schoolgirls we, eighteen and under,  
From scholastic trammels free,  
And we wonder—how we wonder !—  
What on earth the world can be !

A H M E !

WHEN maiden loves, she sits and sighs,  
She wanders to and fro ;  
Unbidden tear-drops fill her eyes,  
And to all questions she replies,  
With a sad heigho !  
'Tis but a little word—"heigho !"  
So soft, 'tis scarcely heard—"heigho !"  
An idle breath—  
Yet life and death  
May hang upon a maid's "heigho !"

When maiden loves, she mopes apart,  
As owl mopes on a tree ;  
Although she keenly feels the smart,  
She cannot tell what ails her heart,  
With its sad "Ah me !"  
'Tis but a foolish sigh—"Ah me !"  
Born but to droop and die—"Ah me !"  
Yet all the sense  
Of eloquence  
Lies hidden in a maid's "Ah me !"



## THE DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO.

**I**N enterprise of martial kind,  
When there was any fighting,  
He led his regiment from behind,  
He found it less exciting.  
But when away his regiment ran,  
His place was at the fore, O—  
That celebrated,  
Cultivated,  
Underrated  
Nobleman,  
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

---

In the first and foremost flight, ha, ha !  
You always found that knight, ha, ha !  
That celebrated,  
Cultivated,  
Underrated  
Nobleman,  
The Duke of Plaza-Toro !

When, to evade Destruction's hand,  
To hide they all proceeded,  
No soldier in that gallant band  
Hid half as well as he did.  
He lay concealed throughout the war,  
And so preserved his gore, O !  
That unaffected,  
Undetected,  
Well connected  
Warrior,  
The Duke of Plaza-Toro !  
In every doughty deed, ha, ha !  
He always took the lead, ha, ha !  
That unaffected,  
Undetected,  
Well connected  
Warrior,  
The Duke of Plaza-Toro !

When told that they would all be shot  
Unless they left the service,  
That hero hesitated not,  
So marvellous his nerve is.  
He sent his resignation in,

The first of all his corps, O !  
That very knowing,  
Overflowing,  
Easy-going  
Paladin,  
The Duke of Plaza-Toro !  
To men of grosser clay, ha, ha !  
He always showed the way, ha, ha  
That very knowing,  
Overflowing,  
Easy-going  
Paladin,  
The Duke of Plaza-Toro !





## THE ÆSTHETE.

**I**F you're anxious for to shine in the high æsthetic line, as a man of culture rare,  
You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms, and plant them everywhere.  
You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel phrases of your complicated state of mind,  
The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind.

And everyone will say,  
As you walk your mystic way,  
"If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for *me*,  
Why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be!"

Be eloquent in praise of the very dull old days which have long since  
 passed away,  
 And convince 'em, if you can, that the reign of good QUEEN ANNE was  
 Culture's palmiest day.  
 Of course you will pooh-pooh whatever's fresh and new, and declare it's  
 crude and mean,  
 And that Art stopped short in the cultivated court of the EMPRESS  
 JOSEPHINE.

And everyone will say,  
 As you walk your mystic way,  
 "If that's not good enough for him which is good enough for *me*,  
 Why, what a very cultivated kind of youth this kind of youth must be!"

Then a sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion must excite your  
 languid spleen,  
 An attachment *à la* Plato for a bashful young potato, or a not-too-  
 French French bean.  
 Though the Philistines may jostle, you will rank as an apostle in the  
 high æsthetic band,  
 If you walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in your mediæval  
 hand.

And everyone will say,  
 As you walk your flowery way,  
 "If he's content with a vegetable love which would certainly not suit  
*me*,  
 Why, what a most particularly pure young man this pure young man  
 must be!"





## SAID I TO MYSELF, SAID I.

**W**HEN I went to the Bar as a very young man  
(Said I to myself—said I),  
I'll work on a new and original plan  
(Said I to myself—said I),  
I'll never assume that a rogue or a thief  
Is a gentleman worthy implicit belief,  
Because his attorney has sent me a brief  
(Said I to myself—said I!).

I'll never throw dust in a juryman's eyes  
(Said I to myself—said I),  
Or hoodwink a judge who is not over-wise  
(Said I to myself—said I),

Or assume that the witnesses summoned in force  
 In Exchequer, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, or Divorce,  
 Have perjured themselves as a matter of course  
 (Said I to myself—said I).

Ere I go into court I will read my brief through  
 (Said I to myself—said I),  
 And I'll never take work I'm unable to do  
 (Said I to myself—said I).  
 My learned profession I'll never disgrace  
 By taking a fee with a grin on my face,  
 When I haven't been there to attend to the case  
 (Said I to myself—said I!).

In other professions in which men engage  
 (Said I to myself—said I),  
 The Army, the Navy, the Church, and the Stage  
 (Said I to myself—said I),  
 Professional licence, if carried too far,  
 Your chance of promotion will certainly mar—  
 And I fancy the rule might apply to the Bar  
 (Said I to myself—said I!).



## SORRY HER LOT.

SORRY her lot who loves too well,  
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,  
Sad are the sighs that own the spell  
Uttered by eyes that speak too plainly ;  
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head  
When Love is alive and Hope is dead !

Sad is the hour when sets the Sun—  
Dark is the night to Earth's poor daughters  
When to the ark the wearied one  
Flies from the empty waste of waters !  
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head  
When Love is alive and Hope is dead !



## THE CONTEMPLATIVE SENTRY.

WHEN all night long a chap remains  
On sentry-go, to chase monotony  
He exercises of his brains,  
That is, assuming that he's got any.  
Though never nurtured in the lap  
Of luxury, yet I admonish you,  
I am an intellectual chap,  
And think of things that would astonish you.  
I often think it's comical  
How Nature always does contrive  
That every boy and every gal  
That's born into the world alive  
Is either a little Liberal,  
Or else a little Conservative !  
Fal lal la !

When in that house M.P.s divide,  
If they've a brain and cerebellum, too,  
They've got to leave that brain outside,  
And vote just as their leaders tell 'em to.  
But then the prospect of a lot  
Of statesmen, all in close proximity,  
A thinking for themselves, is what  
No man can face with equanimity.  
Then let's rejoice with loud Fal lal  
That Nature wisely does contrive  
That every boy and every gal  
That's born into the world alive,  
Is either a little Liberal,  
Or else a little Conservative!  
Fal lal la!





## THE PHILOSOPHIC PILL.

I 'VE wisdom from the East and from the West,  
That's subject to no academic rule ;  
You may find it in the jeering of a jest,  
Or distil it from the folly of a fool.  
I can teach you with a quip, if I've a mind !  
I can trick you into learning with a laugh ;  
Oh, winnow all my folly, and you'll find  
A grain or two of truth among the chaff !

I can set a braggart quailing with a quip,  
The upstart I can wither with a whim ;  
He may wear a merry laugh upon his lip,  
But his laughter has an echo that is grim.  
When they're offered to the world in merry guise,  
Unpleasant truths are swallowed with a will—  
For he who'd make his fellow creatures wise  
Should always gild the philosophic pill !





## BLUE BLOOD.

**S**PURN not the nobly born  
With love affected,  
Nor treat with virtuous scorn  
The well connected.  
High rank involves no shame—  
I boast an equal claim  
With him of humble name  
To be respected !

Blue blood ! Blue blood !  
When virtuous love is sought,  
Thy power is naught,  
Though dating from the Flood,  
Blue blood !



Spare me the bitter pain  
Of stern denials,  
Nor with lowborn disdain  
Augment my trials.  
Hearts just as pure and fair  
May beat in Belgrave Square  
As in the lowly air  
Of Seven Dials !  
Blue blood ! Blue blood !  
Of what avail art thou  
To serve me now ?  
Though dating from the Flood,  
Blue blood !





## THE JUDGE'S SONG.

**W**HEN I, good friends, was called to the Bar,  
I'd an appetite fresh and hearty,  
But I was, as many young barristers are,  
An impecunious party.

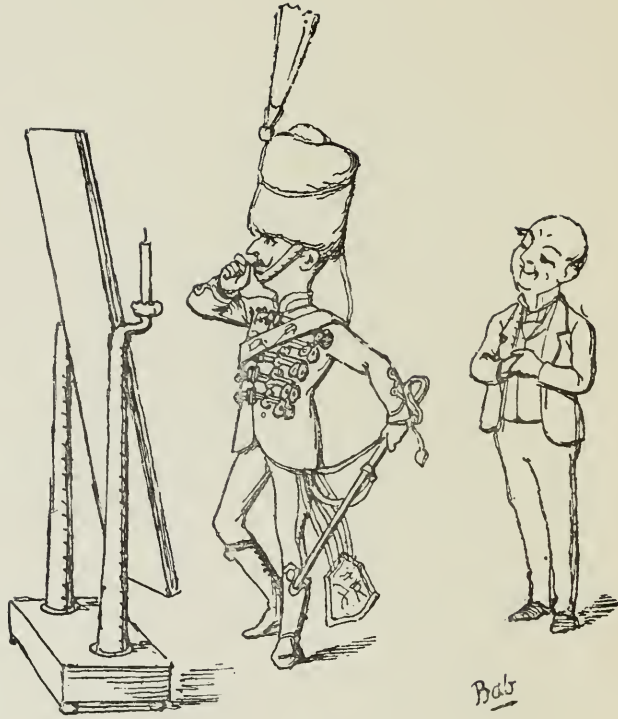
I'd a swallow-tail coat of a beautiful blue—  
A brief which I bought of a booby—  
A couple of shirts and a collar or two,  
And a ring that looked like a ruby!

In Westminster Hall I danced a dance,  
Like a semi-despondent fury ;  
For I thought I should never hit on a chance  
Of addressing a British Jury—  
But I soon got tired of third class journeys,  
And dinners of bread and water ;  
So I fell in love with a rich attorney's  
Elderly, ugly daughter.

The rich attorney, he wiped his eyes,  
And replied to my fond professions :  
“ You shall reap the reward of your enterprise,  
At the Bailey and Middlesex Sessions.  
You’ll soon get used to her looks,” said he,  
“ And a very nice girl you’ll find her—  
She may very well pass for forty-three  
In the dusk, with a light behind her !”

The rich attorney was as good as his word :  
The briefs came trooping gaily,  
And every day my voice was heard  
At the Sessions or Ancient Bailey.  
All thieves who could my fees afford  
Relied on my orations,  
And many a burglar I’ve restored  
To his friends and his relations.

At length I became as rich as the GURNEYS—  
An incubus then I thought her,  
So I threw over that rich attorney’s  
Elderly, ugly daughter.  
The rich attorney my character high  
Tried vainly to disparage—  
And now, if you please, I’m ready to try  
This Breach of Promise of Marriage !



## WHEN I FIRST PUT THIS UNIFORM ON.

WHEN I first put this uniform on,  
I said, as I looked in the glass,  
"It's one to a million  
That any civilian  
My figure and form will surpass.  
Gold lace has a charm for the fair,  
And I've plenty of that, and to spare,  
While a lover's professions,  
When uttered in Hessians,  
Are eloquent everywhere!"  
A fact that I counted upon,  
When I first put this uniform on!

I said, when I first put it on,  
“It is plain to the veriest dunce  
That every beauty  
Will feel it her duty  
To yield to its glamour at once.  
They will see that I’m freely gold-laced  
In a uniform handsome and chaste”—  
But the peripatetics  
Of long-haired æsthetics,  
Are very much more to their taste—  
Which I never counted upon  
When I first put this uniform on!



## SOLATIUM.

COMES the broken flower—  
Comes the cheated maid—  
Though the tempest lower,  
Rain and cloud will fade !  
Take, O maid, these posies :  
Though thy beauty rare  
Shame the blushing roses,  
They are passing fair !  
Wear the flowers till they fade ;  
Happy be thy life, O maid !

O'er the season vernal,  
Time may cast a shade ;  
Sunshine, if eternal,  
Makes the roses fade :  
Time may do his duty ;  
Let the thief alone—  
Winter hath a beauty  
That is all his own.  
Fairest days are sun and shade :  
Happy be thy life, O maid !



## A NIGHTMARE.

**W**HEN you're lying awake with a dismal headache, and repose is taboo'd by anxiety,  
I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge in, without impropriety ;  
For your brain is on fire—the bedclothes conspire of usual slumber to plunder you :  
First your counterpane goes and uncovers your toes, and your sheet slips demurely from under you ;  
Then the blanketing tickles—you feel like mixed pickles, so terribly sharp is the pricking,  
And you're hot, and you're cross, and you tumble and toss till there's nothing 'twixt you and the ticking.

Then the bedclothes all creep to the ground in a heap, and you pick  
'em all up in a tangle ;  
Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain at its usual  
angle !  
Well, you get some repose in the form of a dose, with hot eye-balls and  
head ever aching,  
But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams that you'd very  
much better be waking ;  
For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing about in a  
steamer from Harwich,  
Which is something between a large bathing machine and a very small  
second-class carriage,  
And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to a party of  
friends and relations—  
They're a ravenous horde—and they all came on board at Sloane Square  
and South Kensington Stations.  
And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who started that  
morning from Devon) ;  
He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when he tells you  
he's only eleven.  
Well, you're driving like mad with this singular lad (by-the-bye the  
ship's now a four-wheeler),  
And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad names when you  
tell him that "ties pay the dealer" ;  
But this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you find  
you're as cold as an icicle,  
In your shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks), crossing  
Salisbury Plain on a bicycle :  
And he and the crew are on bicycles too—which they've somehow or  
other invested in—  
And he's telling the tars all the *particulars* of a company he's inter-  
ested in—  
It's a scheme of devices, to get at low prices, all goods from cough  
mixtures to cables



---

(Which tickled the sailors) by treating retailers, as though they were all  
vegetables—  
You get a good spademan to plant a small tradesman (first take off his  
boots with a boot-tree),  
And his legs will take root, and his fingers will shoot, and they'll  
blossom and bud like a fruit tree—  
From the greengrocer tree you get grapes and green pea, cauliflower,  
pineapple and cranberries,  
While the pastry-cook plant, cherry brandy will grant, apple puffs, and  
three-corners, and banberries—  
The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken by ROTHSCHILD  
and BARING,  
And just as a few are allotted to you, you awake with a shudder  
despairing—  
You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no wonder you  
snore, for your head's on the floor, and you've needles and pins  
from your soles to your shins, and your flesh is a-creep, for your  
left leg's asleep, and you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on your  
nose, and some fluff in your lung, and a feverish tongue, and a  
thirst that's intense, and a general sense that you haven't been  
sleeping in clover ;  
But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at last, and the night has  
been long—ditto, ditto my song—and thank goodness they're both  
of them over !



## DON'T FORGET!

**N**OW, Marco dear,  
My wishes hear :  
While you're away  
It's understood  
You will be good,  
And not too gay.  
To every trace  
Of maiden grace  
You will be blind,  
And will not glance  
By any chance  
On womankind !  
If you are wise,  
You'll shut your eyes  
'Till we arrive,

And not address  
A lady less  
    Than forty-five ;  
You'll please to frown  
On every gown  
    That you may see ;  
And O, my pet,  
You won't forget  
    You've married me !

O, my darling, O, my pet,  
Whatever else you may forget,  
In yonder isle beyond the sea,  
O, don't forget you've married me !

You'll lay your head  
Upon your bed  
    At set of sun.  
You will not sing  
Of anything  
    To any one :  
You'll sit and mope  
All day, I hope,  
    And shed a tear  
Upon the life  
Your little wife  
    Is passing here !  
And if so be  
You think of me,  
    Please tell the moon :  
I'll read it all  
In rays that fall  
    On the lagoon :

You'll be so kind  
As tell the wind  
How you may be,  
And send me words  
By little birds  
To comfort me !

And O, my darling, O, my pet,  
Whatever else you may forget,  
In yonder isle beyond the sea,  
O, don't forget you've married me .





## THE SUICIDE'S GRAVE.

**O**N a tree by a river a little tomtit  
Sang "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"  
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit  
Singing 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow'?"  
Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried,  
"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"  
With a shake of his poor little head he replied,  
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough,  
Singing "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"  
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow,  
Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!  
He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave,  
Then he threw himself into the billowy wave,  
And an echo arose from the suicide's grave—  
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name  
Isn't Willow, titwillow, titwillow,  
That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim,  
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"  
And if you remain callous and obdurate, I  
Shall perish as he did, and you will know why,  
Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die,  
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"





## HE AND SHE.

- HE. I KNOW a youth who loves a little maid—  
(Hey, but his face is a sight for to see!)  
Silent is he, for he's modest and afraid—  
(Hey, but he's timid as a youth can be!)
- SHE. I know a maid who loves a gallant youth,  
(Hey, but she sickens as the days go by!)  
She cannot tell him all the sad, sad truth—  
(Hey, but I think that little maid will die!)
- BOTH. Now tell me pray, and tell me true,  
What in the world should the poor soul do?

- HE. He cannot eat and he cannot sleep—  
(Hey, but his face is a sight for to see !)  
Daily he goes for to wail—for to weep—  
(Hey, but he's wretched as a youth can be !)
- SHE. She's very thin and she's very pale—  
(Hey, but she sickens as the days go by !)  
Daily she goes for to weep—for to wail—  
(Hey, but I think that little maid will die!)
- BOTH. Now tell me pray, and tell me true,  
What in the world should the poor soul do ?
- SHE. If I were the youth I should offer her my name—  
(Hey, but her face is a sight for to see !)
- HE. If I were the maid I should feed his honest flame—  
(Hey, but he's bashful as a youth can be !)
- SHE. If I were the youth I should speak to her to-day—  
(Hey, but she sickens as the days go by !)
- HE. If I were the maid I should meet the lad half way—  
(For I really do believe that timid youth will die!)
- BOTH. I thank you much for your counsel true ;  
I've learnt what that poor soul ought to do !



## THE MIGHTY MUST.

COME mighty Must !  
Inevitable Shall !

In thee I trust.

Time weaves my coronal !

Go mocking Is !

Go disappointing Was !

That I am this

Ye are the cursed cause !

Yet humble second shall be first,

I ween ;

And dead and buried be the curst

Has Been !

Oh weak Might Be !

Oh May, Might, Could, Would, Should !

How powerless ye

For evil or for good !

In every sense

Your moods I cheerless call,

Whate'er your tense

Ye are Imperfect, all !

Ye have deceived the trust I've shown

In ye !

Away ! The Mighty Must alone

Shall be !



## A MIRAGE.

WERE I thy bride,  
Then the whole world beside  
Were not too wide  
To hold my wealth of love—  
Were I thy bride !  
Upon thy breast  
My loving head would rest,  
As on her nest  
The tender turtle dove—  
Were I thy bride !

This heart of mine  
Would be one heart with thine,  
And in that shrine  
Our happiness would dwell—  
Were I thy bride !

---

And all day long  
Our lives should be a song :  
No grief, no wrong  
Should make my heart rebel—  
Were I thy bride !

The silvery flute,  
The melancholy lute,  
Were night owl's hoot  
To my low-whispered coo—  
Were I thy bride !  
The skylark's trill  
Were but discordance shrill  
To the soft thrill  
Of wooing as I'd woo—  
Were I thy bride !

The rose's sigh  
Were as a carrion's cry  
To lullaby  
Such as I'd sing to thee,  
Were I thy bride !  
A feather's press  
Were leaden heaviness  
To my caress.  
But then, unhappily,  
I'm not thy bride !

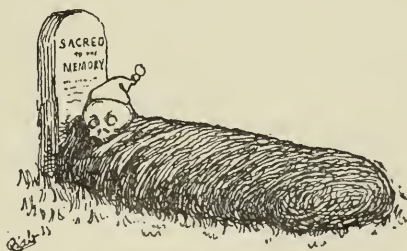


## THE GHOSTS' HIGH NOON.

**W**HEN the night wind howls in the chimney cowl, and the bat in  
the moonlight flies,  
And inky clouds, like funeral shrouds, sail over the midnight skies—  
When the footpads quail at the night-bird's wail, and black dogs bay  
the moon,  
Then is the spectre's holiday—then is the ghosts' high noon!

As the sob of the breeze sweeps over the trees, and the mists lie low on  
the fen,  
From grey tomb-stones are gathered the bones that once were women  
and men,  
And away they go, with a mop and a mow, to the revel that ends too  
soon,  
For cockcrow limits our holiday—the dead of the night's high noon!

And then each ghost with his ladye-toast to their churchyard beds take  
flight,  
With a kiss, perhaps, on her lantern chaps, and a grisly, grim “good-  
night” ;  
Till the welcome knell of the midnight bell rings forth its jolliest tune,  
And ushers our next high holiday—the dead of the night’s high noon !





## THE HUMANE MIKADO.

A MORE humane Mikado never  
Did in Japan exist,  
To nobody second,  
I'm certainly reckoned  
A true philanthropist,  
It is my very humane endeavour  
To make, to some extent,  
Each evil liver  
A running river  
Of harmless merriment.

My object all sublime  
I shall achieve in time—  
To let the punishment fit the crime—  
    The punishment fit the crime ;  
    And make each prisoner pent  
    Unwilling represent  
A source of innocent merriment,  
    Of innocent merriment !

All prosy dull society sinners,  
    Who chatter and bleat and bore,  
    Are sent to hear sermons  
    From mystical Germans  
Who preach from ten to four,  
The amateur tenor, whose vocal villanies  
    All desire to shirk,  
    Shall, during off-hours,  
    Exhibit his powers  
    To Madame Tussaud's waxwork.  
The lady who dies a chemical yellow,  
    Or stains her grey hair puce,  
    Or pinches her figger,  
    Is blacked like a nigger  
    With permanent walnut juice.  
The idiot who, in railway carriages,  
    Scribbles on window panes,  
    We only suffer  
    To ride on a buffer  
In Parliamentary trains.  
    My object all sublime  
    I shall achieve in time—  
    To let the punishment fit the crime—  
    The punishment fit the crime ;

And make each prisoner pent  
 Unwillingly represent  
 A source of innocent merriment,  
 Of innocent merriment !

The advertising quack who wearies  
 With tales of countless cures,  
 His teeth, I've enacted,  
 Shall all be extracted  
 By terrified amateurs.

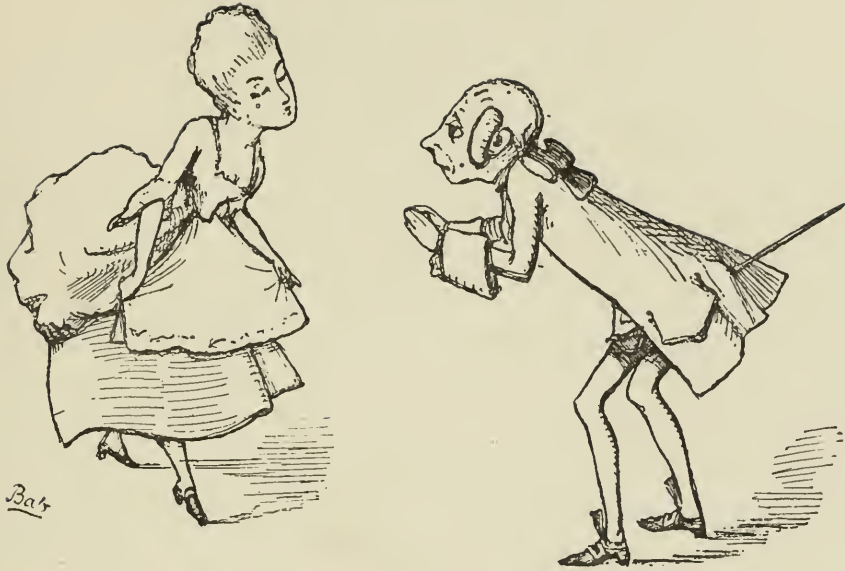
The music hall singer attends a series  
 Of masses and fugues and "ops"  
 By Bach, interwoven  
 With Sophr and Beethoven,  
 At classical Monday Pops.

The billiard sharp whom any one catches,  
 His doom's extremely hard—  
 He's made to dwell  
 In a dungeon cell  
 On a spot that's always barred.

And there he plays extravagant matches  
 In fitless finger-stalls,  
 On a cloth untrue  
 With a twisted cue,  
 And elliptical billiard balls !

My object all sublime  
 I shall achieve in time—  
 To let the punishment fit the crime—  
 The punishment fit the crime ;  
 And make each prisoner pent  
 Unwillingly represent  
 A source of innocent merriment,  
 Of innocent merriment !





## WILLOW WALY!

HE.        **P**RITHEE, pretty maiden—prithee, tell me true  
               (Hey, but I'm doleful, willow, willow waly !)  
 Have you e'er a lover a-dangling after you?  
               Hey, willow waly O!  
               I fain would discover  
               If you have a lover?  
               Hey, willow waly O!

SHE.        Gentle sir, my heart is frolicsome and free—  
               (Hey, but he's doleful, willow, willow waly !)  
 Nobody I care for comes a-courting me—  
               Hey, willow waly O!  
               Nobody I care for  
               Comes a-courting—therefore,  
               Hey, willow waly O!

HE.           Prithee, pretty maiden, will you marry me ?  
                  (Hey, but I'm hopeful, willow, willow waly !)  
I may say, at once, I'm a man of propertee—  
                  Hey, willow waly O !  
                  Money, I despise it,  
                  But many people prize it,  
                  Hey, willow waly O !

SHE.           Gentle sir, although to marry I design—  
                  (Hey, but he's hopeful, willow, willow waly !)  
As yet I do not know you, and so I must decline.  
                  Hey, willow waly O !  
                  To other maidens go you—  
                  As yet I do not know you,  
                  Hey, willow waly O !





## LIFE IS LOVELY ALL THE YEAR.

WHERE the buds are blossoming,  
Smiling welcome to the spring,  
Lovers choose a wedding day—  
Life is love in merry May!

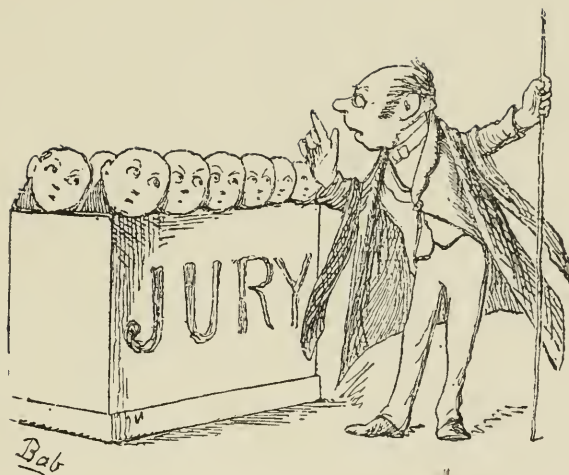
Spring is green—Fal lal la !  
Summer's rose—Fal lal la !  
It is sad when Summer goes,  
Fal la !  
Autumn's gold—Fal lal la !  
Winter's grey—Fal lal la !  
Winter still is far away—  
Fal la !

Leaves in Autumn fade and fall ;  
Winter is the end of all.  
Spring and summer teem with glee :  
Spring and summer, then, for me !  
Fal la !

In the Spring-time seed is sown :  
In the Summer grass is mown :  
In the Autumn you may reap :  
Winter is the time for sleep.

Spring is hope—Fal lal la !  
Summer's joy—Fal lal la !  
Spring and Summer never cloy,  
Fal la !  
Autumn, toil—Fal lal la !  
Winter, rest—Fal lal la !  
Winter, after all, is best—  
Fal la !

Spring and summer pleasure you,  
Autumn, ay, and winter, too—  
Every season has its cheer ;  
Life is lovely all the year !  
Fal la !



## THE USHER'S CHARGE.

**N**OW, Jurymen, hear my advice—  
All kinds of vulgar prejudice  
I pray you set aside :  
With stern judicial frame of mind,  
From bias free of every kind,  
This trial must be tried !

Oh, listen to the plaintiff's case :  
Observe the features of her face—  
The broken-hearted bride !  
Condole with her distress of mind :  
From bias free of every kind,  
This trial must be tried !

And when amid the plaintiff's shrieks,  
The ruffianly defendant speaks—  
    Upon the other side ;  
What *he* may say you needn't mind—  
From bias free of every kind,  
    This trial must be tried !





## THE GREAT OAK TREE.

**T**HERE grew a little flower  
    'Neath a great oak tree :  
When the tempest 'gan to lower  
    Little heeded she :  
No need had she to cower,  
For she dreaded not its power—  
She was happy in the bower  
    Of her great oak tree !  
    Sing hey,  
    Lackaday !  
    Let the tears fall free  
For the pretty little flower and the great oak tree !

When she found that he was fickle,  
    Was that great oak tree,  
She was in a pretty pickle,  
    As she well might be—  
But his gallantries were mickle,  
For Death followed with his sickle,  
And her tears began to trickle  
    For her great oak tree !  
    Sing hey,  
    Lackaday !  
    Let the tears fall free  
For the pretty little flower and the great oak tree !

Said she, “ He loved me never,  
    Did that great oak tree,  
But I’m neither rich nor clever,  
    And so why should he ?  
But though fate our fortunes sever,  
To be constant I’ll endeavour,  
Ay, for ever and for ever,  
    To my great oak tree ! ”  
    Sing hey,  
    Lackaday !  
    Let the tears fall free  
For the pretty little flower and the great oak tree !





## KING GOODHEART.

THERE lived a King, as I've been told,  
In the wonder-working days of old,  
When hearts were twice as good as gold,  
And twenty times as mellow.  
Good temper triumphed in his face,  
And in his heart he found a place  
For all the erring human race  
And every wretched fellow.  
When he had Rhenish wine to drink  
It made him very sad to think  
That some, at junket or at jink,  
Must be content with toddy.  
He wished all men as rich as he  
(And he was rich as rich could be),  
So to the top of every tree  
Promoted everybody.

Ambassadors cropped up like hay,  
 Prime Ministers and such as they  
 Grew like asparagus in May,  
     And Dukes were three a penny.  
 Lord Chancellors were cheap as sprats,  
 And Bishops in their shovel hats  
 Were plentiful as tabby cats—

    If possible, too many.  
 On every side Field-Marschals gleamed,  
 Small beer were Lords Lieutenant deemed  
 With Admirals the ocean teemed  
     All round his wide dominions ;  
 And Party Leaders you might meet  
 In twos and threes in every street  
 Maintaining, with no little heat,  
     Their various opinions.

That King, although no one denies  
 His heart was of abnormal size,  
 Yet he'd have acted otherwise  
     If he had been acuter.  
 The end is easily foretold,  
 When every blessed thing you hold  
 Is made of silver, or of gold,  
     You long for simple pewter.  
 When you have nothing else to wear  
 But cloth of gold and satins rare,  
 For cloth of gold you cease to care—  
     Up goes the price of shoddy.  
 In short, whoever you may be,  
 To this conclusion you'll agree,  
 When everyone is somebodee,  
     Then no one's anybody !

## SLEEP ON!

F<sup>E</sup>AR no unlicensed entry,  
Heed no bombastic talk,  
While guards the British Sentry  
Pall Mall and Birdcage Walk.  
Let European thunders  
Occasion no alarms,  
Though diplomatic blunders  
May cause a cry "To arms!"  
Sleep on, ye pale civilians;  
All thunder-clouds defy:  
On Europe's countless millions  
The Sentry keeps his eye!

Should foreign-born rascallions  
In London dare to show  
Their overgrown battalions,  
Be sure I'll let you know.  
Should Russians or Norwegians  
Pollute our favoured clime  
With rough barbaric legions,  
I'll mention it in time.  
So sleep in peace, civilians,  
The Continent defy;  
While on its countless millions  
The Sentry keeps his eye!



## THE LOVE-SICK BOY.

WHEN first my old, old love I knew,  
My bosom welled with joy ;  
My riches at her feet I threw ;  
I was a love-sick boy !  
No terms seemed too extravagant  
Upon her to employ—  
I used to mope, and sigh, and pant,  
Just like a love-sick boy !

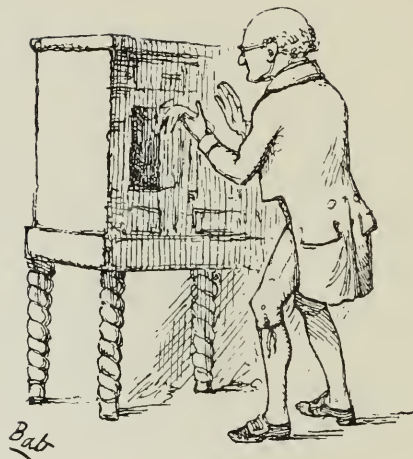
But joy incessant palls the sense ;  
And love, unchanged will cloy,  
And she became a bore intense  
Unto her love-sick boy !  
With fitful glimmer burnt my flame,  
And I grew cold and coy,  
At last, one morning, I became  
Another's love-sick boy !

## POETRY EVERYWHERE.

WHAT time the poet hath hymned  
The writhing maid, lithe-limbed,  
Quivering on amaranthine asphodel,  
How can he paint her woes,  
Knowing, as well he knows,  
That all can be set right with calomel?

When from the poet's plinth  
The amorous colocynth  
Yearns for the aloe, faint with rapturous thrills,  
How can he hymn their throes  
Knowing, as well he knows,  
That they are only uncompounded pills?

Is it, and can it be,  
Nature hath this decree,  
Nothing poetic in the world shall dwell?  
Or that in all her works  
Something poetic lurks,  
Even in colocynth and calomel?



## HE LOVES!

**H**E loves! If the bygone years  
Thine eyes have ever shed  
Tears—bitter, unavailing tears,  
For one untimely dead—  
If in the eventide of life  
Sad thoughts of her arise,  
Then let the memory of thy wife  
Plead for my boy—he dies!

He dies! If fondly laid aside  
In some old cabinet,  
Memorials of thy long-dead bride  
Lie, dearly treasured yet,  
Then let her hallowed bridal dress—  
Her little dainty gloves—  
Her withered flowers—her faded tress—  
Plead for my boy—he loves!



## TRUE DIFFIDENCE.

**M**Y boy, you may take it from me,  
That of all the afflictions accurst  
With which a man's saddled  
And hampered and addled,  
A diffident nature's the worst.  
Though clever as clever can be—  
A Crichton of early romance—  
You must stir it and stump it,  
And blow your own trumpet,  
Or, trust me, you haven't a chance.

Now take, for example, *my* case :  
I've a bright intellectual brain—  
In all London city  
There's no one so witty—  
I've thought so again and again.

I've a highly intelligent face—  
My features cannot be denied—  
But, whatever I try, sir,  
I fail in—and why, sir?  
I'm modesty personified!

As a poet, I'm tender and quaint—  
I've passion and fervour and grace—  
From Ovid and Horace  
To Swinburne and Morris,  
They all of them take a back place.  
Then I sing and I play and I paint;  
Though none are accomplished as I,  
To say so were treason:  
You ask me the reason?  
I'm diffident, modest and shy!







## THE TANGLED SKEIN.

TRY we life-long, we can never  
Straighten out life's tangled skein,  
Why should we, in vain endeavour,  
Guess and guess and guess again ?  
Life's a pudding full of plums ;  
Care's a canker that benumbs.  
Wherefore waste our elocution  
On impossible solution ?  
Life's a pleasant institution,  
Let us take it as it comes !

Set aside the dull enigma,  
We shall guess it all too soon ;  
Failure brings no kind of stigma—  
Dance we to another tune !  
String the lyre and fill the cup,  
Lest on sorrow we should sup.

Hop and skip to Fancy's fiddle,  
Hands across and down the middle—  
Life's perhaps the only riddle  
That we shrink from giving up !



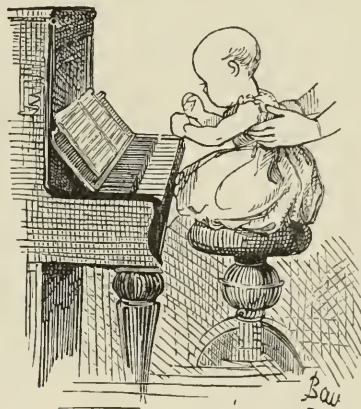
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